The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE Illustrations by Don J. Lavin

Once more he returned to his work

'Cos I want yer, me honey, yes, I want

thoughts, not so cheerful, filled his

Bud returned sadly to the company

of the Yaqui and gave it up. Perhaps

ing out of Agua Negra, he had en-

larged upon the dangers of Old Mex-

ico, "the land of manana and broken promises." Certainly his speech had

been prophetic in regard to dark-eyed

women; for, even as he had said

nothing seemed to please them better

than to come between man and man,

It was a madness he felt sure-the

spell of the hot country, where the

women look out from behind barred

windows and men sing beneath their

balconies at midnight Already it had

cost him his pardner-would it con-

quer his will as well and make him

In his impotence the idea of some

perverse fate-some malign influence

strong with Hooker; yet when the

he noticed absently that Cruz Mendez

was in camp. The shots followed, one

after another, and he counted them to

make sure there was no miss-fire-

then he looked around and discovered

"Where is Don Felipe?" he inquired

"He has gone to Fortuna," he said.

"And what for?" demanded Bud im-

"I don't know, senor," writhed Men-

"I don't know. It was given to me

by Juana, the servant of the Senorita

"Ah!" breathed Bud, and pretended

"Well, let 'im go!" he said to him-

self, and went back into the mine. It

Thrust His Rifle Into Its Sling and

Started for Town.

"What? Have you not heard?"

clamored Don Juan. "Ah, it is most

unfortunate-I would not have had it

"What?" inquired Bud succinctly.

"Why, the quarrel-the encounter

with Capitan del Rey! I did my best,

assure you, to prevent it, for the

"I didn't see him when I come by,"

cuartel, the guardhouse of the

"Much obliged!" nodded Bud, and

rode on through the town. The street

of the Mexican quarter was filled

with strange people hurrying to and

swinging up from below; and a pair of

rurales, looking fierce under their

huge sombreros stood guard by the

"Where is the captain?" demanded

Hooked, After requesting him to hang his pistol-belt on his saddle-horn, a

sergeant showed him in to the chief.

papers and orders, but as the American appeared in the doorway he rose

and greeted him with a bow.

"Ah, good morning, senor," he said, with one swift glance to read his mood.

"You are in search of your friend—

"I regret very much," began the of- dust of their flight.

Manuel del Rey was very busy with

now your friend is in jail."

observed Hooker.

rurales!"

cuartel door.

for Phil.

which he wore about his neck.

dez. "I brought him a letter."

of Mendez, and that low-browed broth-

forget his trust?

into the face of the cliff.

that Phil was gone.

fore he replied.

peratively.

Aragon.

"From whom?"

not to be surprised.

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a coon song:

SYNOPSIS.

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are forced, owing to a revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Gadsden Bud meets Henry Kruger, a wealthy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Mexico to acquire title to a very rich mine which Kruger had blown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican subsequently had spent a large sum of money in an unsuccessful attempt to relocate the vein and then allowed the land to revert for taxes. Hooker and De Lancey arrive at Fortuna, near where the Eagle Tail mine is located. They engage Cruz Mendes to acquire the title for them and begin preliminary work. Aragon accuses them of jumping his claim. Hooker discovers that matrimonial entanglements prevent Mendez from acquiring a valid title. Phil, who has been paying attention to Gracia Aragon, decides to turn Mexican and acquire the title. Aragon fails in his attempt to drive them off the claim. Rebels are reported in the vicinity. A rich vein of gold is struck and work on the mine is stopped until the title can be perfected. Phil is arrested by Manuel del Rey, captain of the rurales and sultor of Gracia. He is relocated on promise to stay away from Gracia. Hooker and Phil De Lancey are

CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

"I wonder where that dogged Indian went to," he said for the hundredth time, as the deep shadows gathered in the valley. "By Joe, Phil, if Amigo comes back I'm going to go ahead on that mine, I want to keep him around here, and we might as well get out some ore, if it's only for a grub-stake. Come on-what do you say? We'll open her up-there's nothing to hide now. Well, I'll do it myself, then-this setting around is getting on my nerves."

His far-seeing eyes, trained from his boyhood to search the hills for cattle, scanned the tops of the ridges as he spoke; and while he sat and pondered they noted every rock.

Then at last he rose up slowly and gazed at a certain spot. He waved his arm, beckoning the distant point of blackness to come in, and soon from around a point in the canyon the Yagui appeared, bearing a heavy Mauser rifle on his arm.

Across his broad breast hung the same familiar cartridge-belt, two more encircled his hips, and he walked with his head held high, like the warrior that he was.

Evidently his flight had led to the place where his arms had been hid, for he were the regulation knife-bayonet at his hip and around his hat was the red ribbon of his people, but Bud was too polite to ask him about his journey. Since his coming the Yaqui had always maintained a certain mystery, and now, though his eyes were big with portent and he smiled at the jests about his gun, he simply waved his hand to the south and east and mur mured:

"Muchos revoltosos!" "Seguro;" answered Bud jokingly; "but have you killed any?"

"Not yet!" returned the Indian, and he did not smile at that. "I wonder what that Indian is wait-

ing around here for?" remarked Phil in English. "He must have his eye on somebody.

"Yeah, I bet," agreed Bud, regard ing his savage friend with a speculative Interest "Most of them Vacui soldiers was farmhands in this country before they rounded them up. I reckon he's looking for the man that had him deported. "Tired, Amigo?" he inquired in

Spanish, and Ignacio gravely acknowledged that he was, a little, "Then drink plenty coffee," went on

Hooker. "Eat lots-tomorrow we go to work in the mine." "Tomorrow?" repeated the Indian.

as if considering his other engagements: "good!" He nodded a smiling assent After a month and more of idleness

Bud and Amigo performed predigies of labor in the cut, rolling down boulders, lifting them up on the tram and clearing away the face of the cliff. Their tram was ramshackle, their track the abandoned rails from older workings, and their tools little more than their hands, but by noon the last | and his code bade him keep his hands broken fragments were heaved aside and the shattered ledge revealed. A low cry of wonder escaped the thrust his rifle into its sling and start-

Yaqui as he gazed at the rich vein of ed for the town. At the jail he halted ore, and as he saw the grim smile on and gazed in through the windows-Bud's rugged countenance he showed is white teeth in sympathy.

"Que bueno!" he murmured, "How good!" gathering the precious fragments in his handkerchief.

happen for the world!" At the camp they crushed the picked ore in a mortar and panned it in the creek, and for the moment De Lancey dropped his air of preoccupancy as he stared at the streak of town has been put under martial law oure gold. Like a yellow film it lay and the captain is in full charge. They along the edge of the last fine tailings. quarreled over the favor of a lady, and and when skilful washing had left it sare, it gleamed like a jewel in the

"By Jove, Bud!" he cried, "that's the real stuff-and it goes a dollar to the pan easy!

"Sure thing!" assented Bud. "Let's ound a lot of it and wash it as we go then we'll have some getaway money when things break loose here!"

"Pil go you!" answered Phil, and fro; long packtrains loaded with eart warmed toward him as he watched him pound up a piece of ore trunks and curious bundles came and go to swirling the dirt in the swinging up from below; and a pair of

But alas for the fond hopes he che ished! Even as he washed out the gold Phil's mind wandered far away, back to the hotel where Gracia Aragon sat watching by the window.

Her halr was the color of gold, spun fine and refined again; yes, it was worth more than this golden dross that he caught in the bottom of his And what was gold if he could

He paused in his labor and a dream parted his lips then he broke

ficer, speaking with military formality. but it is my duty to inform you that nor De Lancey has left Fortuna. Last wight he did me the honor to enlist in my company of rurales-be is now on his way to the north to assist hills; and all about them, like leaping in guarding the railroad."
"What?" shouted Bud, hardly able

to believe his ears. But when the cap | brush along the river, where it swung tain repeated it he no longer doubted his Spanish.

"But why?" he cried; "why did ke join the rurales?"

"Ah, senor," shrugged Del Rey, "was he not a Mexican citizen? Very well, were these. Your friend came yesterday to this town, where I am at present military commander, and made an rumming now the dulcet strains of "The Merry Widow," and when Bud unprovoked assault upon my person. For this, according to law, he should came back from the cut it was to hear have been shot at sunrise. But, not wishing to occasion unpleasantness with the Americans now residing here, west and take the revoltosos on the yer, want yer;
'Cos I want yer, ma honey, yes I do!
So he labored and sang, until finally I offered him the alternative of military service. He is now enlisted as a the labor ceased, and then the song. rural for a term of five years." He went about other things, and other

"Five years!" exclaimed Hooker; pected rough-house-upon which the rural guards were prepared to jump on his back-be simply threw down his his pardner had been right when, ridhat and cursed. Not anyone in particular, but everything in general; and at the end of it he turned once more upon the watchful captain.

"Dispenseme, senor," he said, "this is the truth, is it?" "Si, senor," returned Captain del Rey. "But before leaving with his de-

tachment your friend wrote this letter, which he requested me to deliver to He offered with a flourish a sealed envelope, from which Bud extracted a

short note. Dear Bud: When you get this I shall be far away.

I must have been mad, but it is too late now. Rather than be executed I have enlisted as a rural. But I shall try to be brave for her sake. Take care of her. Bud—for me! over which he had no control-was Bud read it through again and mediblow fell he was not prepared for it tated ponderously. Then he folded it

It was the third day of their mining up and thrust it in his pocket. and, with Amigo, he had been driving "Muchas gracias, senor capitan," he said, saluting and turning upon his Already their round of holes was heel; and while all the Mexicans mardrilled, the fuses cut, the charges set, veled at the inscrutable ways of Amerand as he retreated before the blast icanos, he mounted and rode away.

CHAPTER XVII.

There was a world of Mexicans in the plaza when Hooker rode down through the town. Never, it seemed to him, had he seen so many or liked them less. er of the burro bowed fawningly be-

To the handful of Americans who emained to man the mill and mine, they were easily a bundred to one; wiping his face with a bath towel and though their eyes were wide with fear of the imminent rebels, they had an evil way of staring at him which he did not relish. Even at the hotel, where the Span-

ish-Mexican aristocracy was massed ten deep, he sensed the same feeling of veiled hostility and wondered vaguewhat it might portend. If Philip De ancey, for making love to a girl, was irafted into the army, what would happen to him if these people should ver break loose? And did they have the courage to do their worst?

He lingered around the door for while, hoping to meet Don Juan or the news; then, disgusted with everything, he flung away and left them to themselves. Fortuna was not a white man's country-he could see that without a diagram-but at the same time features as Gracia expected, for he could hear from Phil.

town and the federals take it back Her lips trembled, and she looked back again-at the end he would still be furtively, meanwhile drawing him into received his title to the mine.

As for Aragon, whose fine Italian hand he perceived behind the sudden pered. "My mother is listening from taking off of Phil, let him make what trades he would with the rurales and Manuel del Rey, even to the giving of his daughter's hand; but if, taking advantage of the unsettled times, he dared to try to steal their mine, then there would be war to the knife.

It is a fine, comforting thing to be single-minded and of one purpose. All the rest of life is simplified and ordered then, and a man knows when to raise his hand and when to hold it bnck.

In his letter Phil had said nothing about their mine, but he was a Mexican citizen still, and the mine was in his name. Bud was his pardner and free to hold it in his stead; and that he determined to do-not only hold it, but work it for a stake. Then, when off. But the next morning, when the the tide was passed and all made ceravil was either avoided or done, he tain, they could turn it over to Kruger and gult the accursed country.

As for the girl, Bud decided that then he rode up to the hotel and asked she could take care of herself without any assistance from him, and dis

missed her from his mind. Back at the mine he found Amigo guarding camp from the hilltop, and after telling him the gist of his troubles, the two of them went to work. Every day, while one of them dug out the ore, the other crushed and washed it and watched as he horned out the gold. Their rifles they kept beside them and pistols in their belts; and every time a Mexican dropped into camp, as one did now and then in the general unrest, he felt the silent menace of arms in readiness and continued

"Ah, no-not in the carcel-in the on his way. For a week they labored on together, grim, watchful, expectant-then, at the break of day, they heard a distant rattle of arms, like the tearing of a cloth, and knew that the battle was

> The great whistie at Fortuna opened with its full, bass roar, and Amigo snatched up his gun and went loping down the canyon, drawn irresistibly by the sound of conflict. Bud lingered, climbing higher and higher to get a view of the country. But his young blood clamored for action too, and

soon he was mounted and gone. The fighting was not at the American town, but down the valley by Old Fortuna, and as Hooker gallop toward the sound of the firing he ticed that it was on the move. Already the cowardly rebels were rewere hurrying to get closer to them.
the rurales were riding to flank them:
and when Bud jumped his horse up
the none of the animosity which the
that state of the state of th

Down the tenced trail that led to the lower country the mounted insurrectos were spurring in a rout; across the newly plowed field, of Aragon the men on foot were making a short cut for the grasshoppers, sprang up puffs of dust.

Now they plunged into the willow in against the ridge; and as their put suers broke into the open they halted and returned the fire. The bullets struck up the dust like hallstones in front of the oncoming irregulars, a man or two in the lead went down, then; he could be summoned for milt- and they faltered. Then, as frantically tary service. But the circumstances as the rebels, they turned and ran for

cover. While defenders and invaders shot back and forth across the broad field, Bud put spurs to his horse and rode closer, and when he came out on another hilltop he was just in time to see the rurales come pelting in from the flank. There was a great deal of longdistance firing then, while the rebels slowly retreated, and finally, with a last deflant volley, the defenders and then, instead of starting the ex- turned back from their pursuit and marched triumphantly to Old Fortuna

> There, amid numerous vivas, Don Cipriano rolled out a cask of mescal and, after a flery speech, invited the victors to help themselves. So they fell to drinking and carousing, and the one defender who had been wounded was bandaged and made much of, while a great crowd from the upper town looked on in awe and admiration

At last Manuel del Rey and his rurales returned from harassing the enemy and with several wounded prisoners in their midst, the valor-drunk Mexicans formed a riotous procession and went marching back to town. Every horse and mule was carrying double, guns were being dropped, broad hats knocked off, and ever, as they marched, they shouted:

"Viva Madero! Viva Mejico! Muert a los revoltosos!"

It was an edifiving spectacle to a American, and with the rest Bud tagged along to the plaza, where they had speeches and cheers galore and more mescal at the company's cantina. But in the midst of it, while he sat laughing on his horse by the hotel. Bud felt a gravel strike his broad hat from above and, looking furtively up, he beheld Gracia Aragon smiling down at him from the balcony.

She beckoned him with a swift movement and gazed out over the assemblage again, and after a few mo ments of deliberation Hooker tied his horse and wandered into the hotel.

A tingle of excitement went over him as he tramped up to the ladies parlor, for he had never met Gracia face to face. But he disguised his qualms by assuming a masklike grimness of countenance and, when the glorious Gracia glided out of her room to meet him, he only blinked and stood pat.

A long experience as a poker player was all that saved him from betrayal, for there was something in her very presence which made his heart leap and bound. But he only gazed at her somberly, without even so much as raising his hat,

Back in Texas, in his social world, it was considered almost unmanly to thus salute the ladies. So he stood some American who would tell him there, his big sombrero pulled down over his mop of light hair, gazing at her without a blink.

Perhaps it was not altogether as friendly a scrutiny of her charming he intended to hold his mine until he remembered what she had done to his pardner: but if she sensed such a rare Let the tides of insurrection come thing as disapproval from a young aggers take the man, she was too excited to show it found at the Eagle Tail, unless Phil an alcove by the slightest twitch of his sleeve.

"Don't talk too loud," she whisthe room-but for the love of God, tell me, where is Phil?"

"I don't know," answered Bud, try ing to lower his big voice to a boudoir softness: "he joined the rurales and was ordered north-that's all I know. "Yes, yes, to be sure; but haven't

you heard from him?" She seemed to be all impatience to snatch his news and fly with it, but Bud was in no such hurry. And so far was he from being a carpet knight that he immediately raised his voice to its normal bass. It was all right for Phil and his kind to talk by signs and whispers, but that was not his style.

"Not since he went away," he said "He left me a little note, then, say-

"Saying what?" she demanded

Well, saying that he keep from being exo that's about all!"

"And not a word about me?"
"Yes," admitted Bud; "he said he's try to put up with it-on ac What?" she entreated, taking him

beseechingly by the coat. 'Well," stammered Hooker, sh his feet and looking away, "he told m to kinder take care of you-while he

"Ah!" she breathed, still sta close to him, "and will you do it?"
"I reckon so," said Bud, "if we have

any trouble." "But I'm in trouble now!" she cried. 'I'm watched-I can't get away-and

I'm afraid!" "Afraid of what?" he demanded. "Of him!" she answered, her voice

breaking: "of Manuel del Ray!" "Well," replied Hooker bluntly, "Two got nothing to do with that- I can't interfere in your love affairs—but if they's war and they try to take the town, you can count on mer'

"Oh, thank you," she som, wowing satirically. "And do you expect a war?"

"Not with that bunch of hombres! returned Bud, waving a disparaging hand toward the noise of the shouting



"But I'm in Trouble Now!" She Cried.

Evidently she was not so fearful of discovery after all. "You forget, sir," she said, "that I

am a Mexican!" Then, as he failed to show any signs of contrition, she changed her mood again.

"But wait!" she ran on, her eyes flashing. "Perhaps we are not so eager to defend our government when we have a new one every year. But if the men who are gathering in Chihuahua invade our country, you will find that as Sonorans those men will fight to the death.

"You laugh because you do not understand. But why should we Sonorans fight side by side with the federals and rurales? Are they not the soldiers of Diaz, who have simply changed to another master? That Manuel del Rey was last year hunting down Maderistas in the hills; now he is fighting for Madero! And tomorrow? Who can say?"

She shrugged her shoulders scornfully, and Hooker perceived that she was in earnest in her dislike of the dashing captain, but prudence warned him to say nothing if he would escape being drawn into the quarrel,

"No!" she went on, after an expectant pause, "let the rurales pursue these bandits-they are hired for that purpose! But if Orozco and Salazar join this ladron, Bernardo Bravo, and seek to capture our towns, then, Senor Americano, you will see real war and men fighting to the death! Ah, you laugh again-you are a Texan and judge us Sonorans by the cowardly Chihuahuans-but it is the truth. And I, for one," she added naively, "would be almost glad to have war. Do vou know why? To see if you would really defend me!"

She smiled, looking frankly into his eyes, and Bud blushed to the roots of his hair, but once again he held his peace.

CTO BE CONTINUED.



ONE OF THE CURIOUS THINGS | SETBACK FOR THE OPTIMIST

Remarkable an Incident of Life That Comment Really Seemed to Be Useless.

"It's curious about things, isn't it?" said the man who had something on his mind and wanted to talk. "Yes," replied the man addressed

but without interest. "It's curious how a fellow gets into box and then out again."

"You know the Widow Spicer, of course? "Oh, yes." "I heard last month that she had come into \$50,000. Sat right down

and proposed marriage by letter and

rushed the letter off." "Didn't hear from her in answer. Here's the letter. Forgot to stamp it, and it went to the dead letter office. Just got it back. Suppose it had reached the widow and she had ac-

cepted me?" What do you mean?" "Why, a week ago I heard that she didn't have ten cents to her name. Curious, ain't it?" "Yes, but I can beat it. I married

the Widow Spicer five days ago."

According to Pessimist, He Had Failed Utterly to See Things In Their Proper Light

"Look at this, will you?" exclaimed the cheerful real estate man. "In this paper there is a record of eightyseven marriage licenses issued yes-"Well, what of it?" said his part-

ner, the pessimist of the firm.
"What of it?" echoed the other. "Can't you see? Those eighty-seven marriage licenses, mean eighty-seven marriages. The eighty-seven marriages will lead to eighty-seven inquirles for houses, flats, or at least

we'll get our share. "That doesn't follow at all. Those eighty-seven licenses represent 174 persons, don't they?"

eligible apartments. It's bound to

stimulate business in our line and

"Probably all adults?"
"Undoubtedly. What of it?"
"Nothing," growled the pess

"except that 174 persons who have hitherto occupied 174 apartments will hereafter occupy eighty-seven, and that ain't helping our business any. You make me tired."

Small Brother (whose sisters are working for their girl guidea' am-bulance badge)—"Come on here's a bit



Uncle Sam Makes Fine Reputation as Architect

WASHINGTON.—When the average citizen beholds the beautiful lines of the modern federal buildings in most of the principal cities of the United States, he probably does not realize that in addition to his many other voca-



tions and professions, Uncle Sam is also an architect, represented at present by Oscar Wenderoth, supervising architect of the treasury. Yet, Uncle Sam is making a wonderful reputation for himself in this capacity. Not only is he doing good work, but he is being widely copied, and those who are acquainted with the facts realize that he is doing more to set the fashion and elevate the standard of architecture in this country than any other agency.

For the first 75 years of our national existence the public buildings were put up in a sort of haphazard way. Commissions appointed by the secretary of the treasury selected the architect of a building and attended to all the details of its construction. The result was that no fixed idea was carried out, and our earlier public buildings had no uniformity of design at all.

Today it is different. Uncle Sam has become an architect on his own account, and he is designing his own buildings. The result is that one may now recognize the new federal buildings of the country on sight by their uniformity of style. There is just enough diversity in detail to prevent too much similarity. In times past the government roamed the whole world over to find new

ideas in architecture, and in the older federal buildings one may see everything from the Gothic down to the Romanesque. But after trying them all, the classic style based on the best French and English influence as illustrated by the Senate office building in this city, has been decided upon as embodying the best that there is in beauty and utility in architecture.

An example of some of the failures of bygone days is the old Washington post office on Pennsylvania avenue and the Municipal building which Supervising Architect Wenderoth styles "an architectural nightmare." A Boston architect imported the Romanesque style along in the eighties, and made a great hit with it in Boston and Cincinnati. Then came along the supervising architect at that time with a determination to copy the style in the Washington post office. He did so, and the result speaks for itself.

Eleventh - Hour Stories of the Vice - President

VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL has a habit of telling a funny story at the eleventh hour. In fact, he usually waits until the eleventh hour and about fifty-five minutes. The consequence is that when he enters the senate cham-

ber to convene that body of solemn toilers he is apt to have a half suppressed smile on his face, and the Rev. Forest J. Prettyman, the senate chaplain, has even more difficulty in maintaining the serious countenance of a man about to fead in prayer.

Here is the way the thing works out: Along about 11:30 Marshall shifts from his office in the senate office building to his room in the capitol. A few minutes before noon the chaplain comes to be in readiness

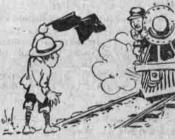
to accompany the vice-president into the chamber. Now, for some unaccountable reason, the presence of the chaplain makes Marshall think of a funny story. At about five minutes prior to the hour of opening the senate he starts to tell this story with calm deliberation.

The golden moments speed on their way, and by the time Marshall has the basic part of his story outlined it lacks only two minutes or less until twelve o'clock. All hands begin to grow nervous and the sergeant-at-arms comes to the door, watch in hand, to make certain that the vice-president is going to reach his seat in due season.

Marshall gets up from his desk and proceeds across the corridor, still working toward the point to his story, and by a burst of speed gets out the climax just as he pushes open the door into the senate chamber. Chaplain Prettyman has his choice then of not laughing at the story, which would perhaps be impolite on his part, or of laughing and then pulling his face back into shape ready to offer prayer while walking the few steps from the door to the rostrum.

Small Boy Finds Red Flag; Nearly Wrecks Train

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy came near causing a disastrous rear-end col-A lision on the Metropolitan branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near the scene of the Terra Cotta wreck, the other morning, when he flagged the Frederick local due here from



Frederick, Md., at 8:30 o'clock. As usual, the train was crowded. as was the Hagerstown train, following it. The engineer of the Frederick local jammed on his emergency brakes, when he saw Robert Shipley, who lives at Stott's, near the district line, frantically waving a red flag on the track ahead, not far from the

Stott station. Ouick work was necessary to flag and halt the Hagerstown train booming down the line behind. A rear-end collision was narrowly averted through the agility of the flagman, who put sufficient space between himself and the Frederick train to give the second engineer stopping room,

In the meantime, the engineer, conductor and many passengers piled out and surrounded young Shipley, demanding to know the danger. Unabashed. the boy explained that he had found a red flag on the track and wanted to return it. He was questioned closely, but to no further effect.

The conductor took the flag, and trainmen unanimously admitted that they had encountered a remarkable case of an honest boy. They added with some show of bitterness, however, that there are times when too much honesty is not the best policy.

Sightseeing Indians Amused at Boys' Warfare

T WO Indians were sightseeing up Capitol Hill way. Both were civilized to the extent of cheap clothes that didn't fit, and, as small concessions to a tribal past, each wore a single quill in his gray sombrero. Also, one wore

gold hoop earrings, and the other displayed on his breast a Catholic medal and cross. They shuffled along listlessly until, as they came to the library, each stopped with sudden alertness to watch two tiny boys playing on the grass. Each small chap had on an Indian suit of brown cambric with a war bonnet of turkey quills. And each waved a tinsel steel toma hawk and danced exactly as real indians don't do and never did. And when one boy put his hatchet between

his teeth and crawled over the grass to attack a portly black nurse who made believe she didn't know what was coming to her, the two who were the real

looked at each other and chuckled. And inside the library there are doubtless many books beautifully bound and illustrated to prove that the red man is a stoic who has never been known to smile.

His Poworful Appeal. Some time ago an aged clergyman, who had been engaged to preach a his host did not wish him to miss any

charity sermon for some orphan chil-dren, on rising to deliver his discourse, was unable to proceed from failure of strength. Stretching out a feeble arm over the group of orphans, and turning too animated, expression as the fire of to the congregation, he addressed them stories rattled from side to aide of thus: "Whence shall we buy bread the table. "The one about the place that these may eat?" These few pathetic words proved more effective than the longest sermon, the congre-gation was touched to the heart, and

The guest was an Englishman, and

where they had two skulls of the saint -one when he was a boy and one when he was a man?" "No," said the gation was touched to the heart, and guest, "I missed that one. I'd like to heaped up the collecting plate with hear it now, if you're good enough to repeat it."